



L I F E A N D D E A T H

PROMETHEUS™

3 OF 4

DAN
ABNETT

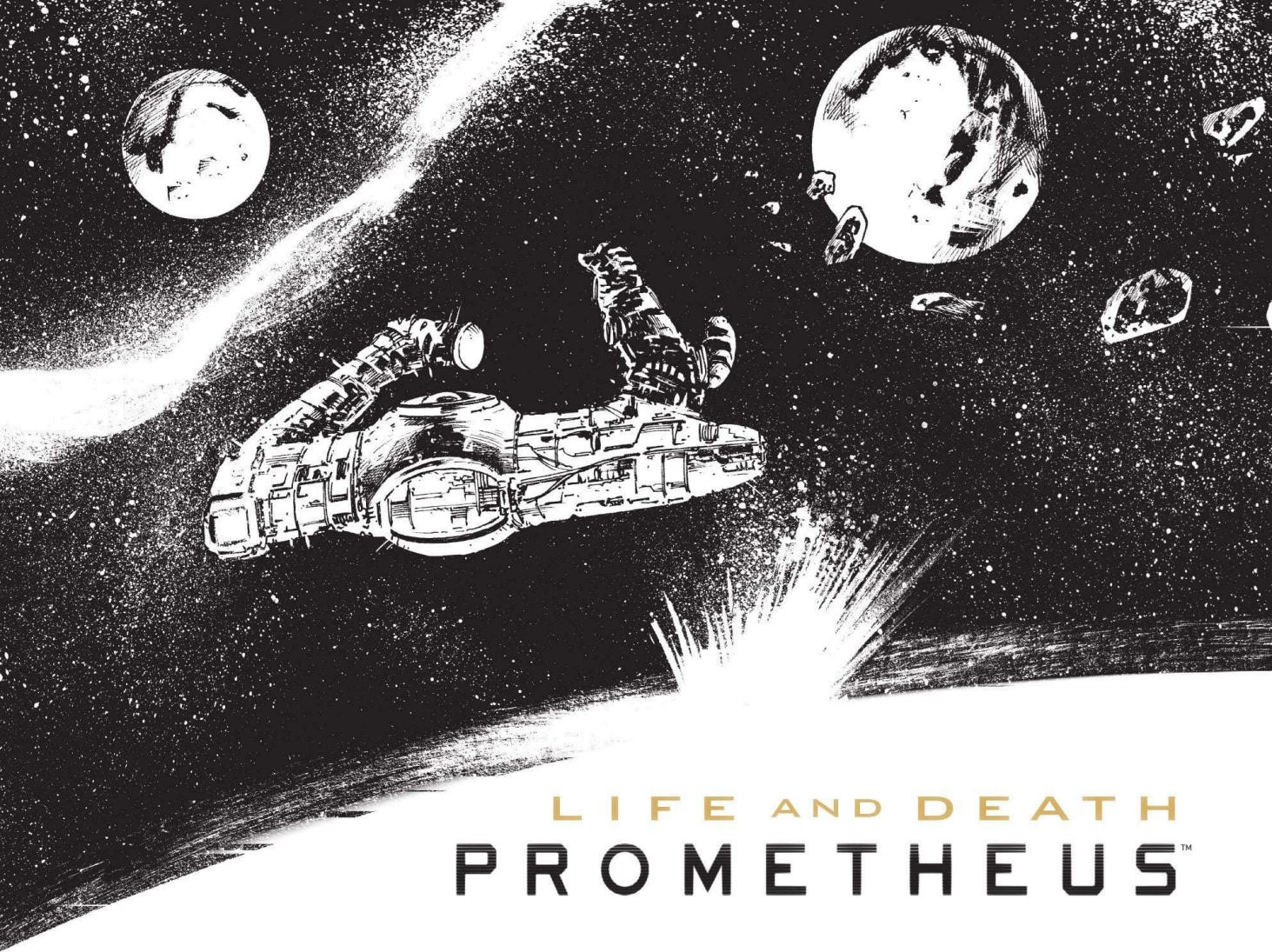
ANDREA
MUTTI

RAIN
BEREDO

THE MADNESS
OF THE GODS!



HotComic.net



LIFE AND DEATH PROMETHEUS™

SCRIPT **DAN ABNETT** ART **ANDREA MUTTI** COLORS **RAIN BEREDO** LETTERING **MICHAEL HEISLER** COVER ART **DAVID PALUMBO**

PART SEVEN OF SEVENTEEN OF **LIFE AND DEATH**

This story takes place approximately forty-three years after the events in the motion picture *Aliens* (and just over a year after the events in the *Fire and Stone* story cycle).

A squad of Colonial Marines and two survivors from an ill-fated (and illegal) commercial expedition escaped an attack by alien hunters known as Predators by fleeing the planet Tartarus (LV-797) aboard a commandeered spaceship of unknown origin. Believing themselves safe, the humans discovered their mistake when the pilot of the craft—one of the mysterious alien entities known as Engineers—awoke and changed the ship's course for LV-223.

While the rest of the marine contingent struggled to keep up with the alien vessel in their own ship, the *Hasdrubal*, those trapped onboard with the Engineer hid within the alien ship's vast interior.

Once on the new planet, the humans almost immediately encountered the xenomorph terrors that resided there, only to be saved by the survivors of a previous mission—and their Predator companion, "Ahab." But *saved* does not necessarily mean *safe* . . .

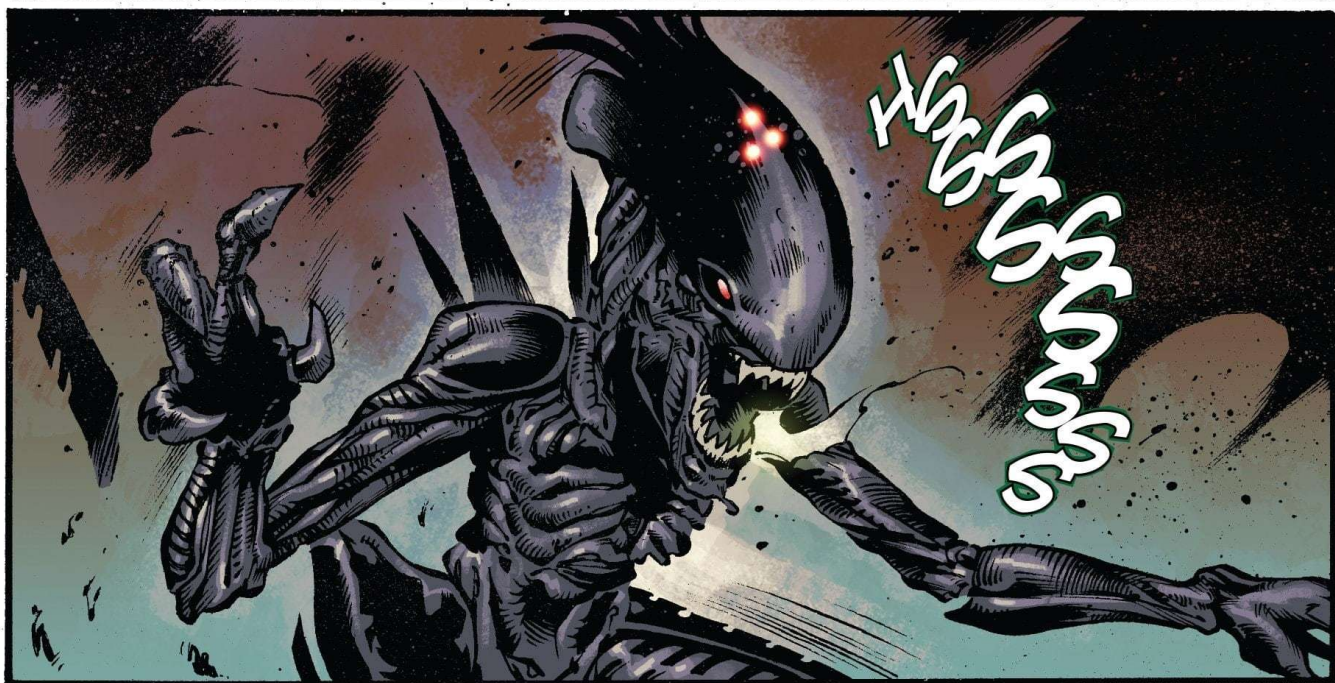
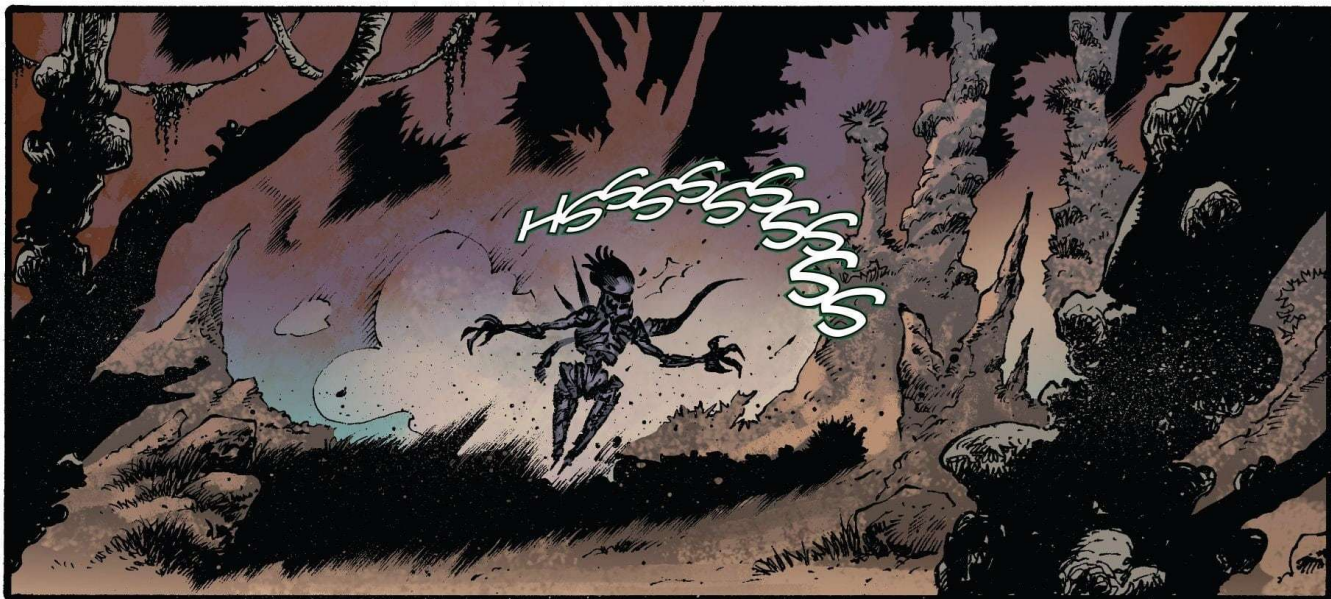
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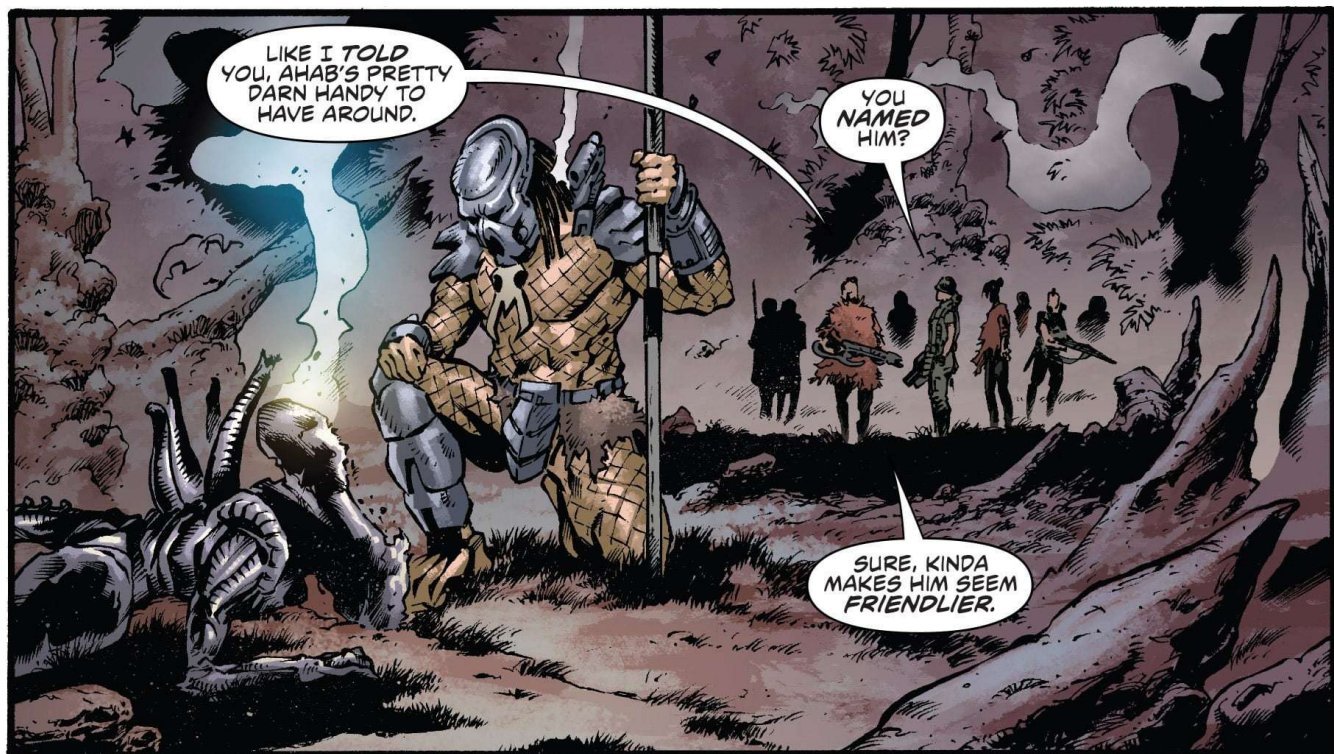
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LIKE I TOLD
YOU, AHAB'S PRETTY
DARN HANDY TO
HAVE AROUND.

YOU
NAMED
HIM?

SURE, KINDA
MAKES HIM SEEM
FRIENDLIER.



WE WERE ON
LV-797. HIS KIND
DECIMATED MY
UNIT AND--

LOOK,
ROTH, IS AHAB
A XENOBREED
KILLER WITH A NEAR-
PSYCHOPATHIC
URGE TO HUNT
AND KILL?

SURE
HE IS.



BUT
YOU'VE
SEEN THE
BUGS THIS
WORLD IS
CRAWLING
WITH.

AHAB LIVES
TO HUNT-- AND
LOVES HUNTING
BUGS.

WE MAKE
NICE WITH
HIM, WE STAY
ALIVE A LITTLE
LONGER.



YOU
KNOW THE OLD
SAYING...

"THE
ENEMY OF MY
ENEMY IS MY
FRENEMY."



FUNNY,
GALGO.

YOU
WON'T MIND
IF I RESERVE
MY FINAL
OPINION.



THIS IS HOME.

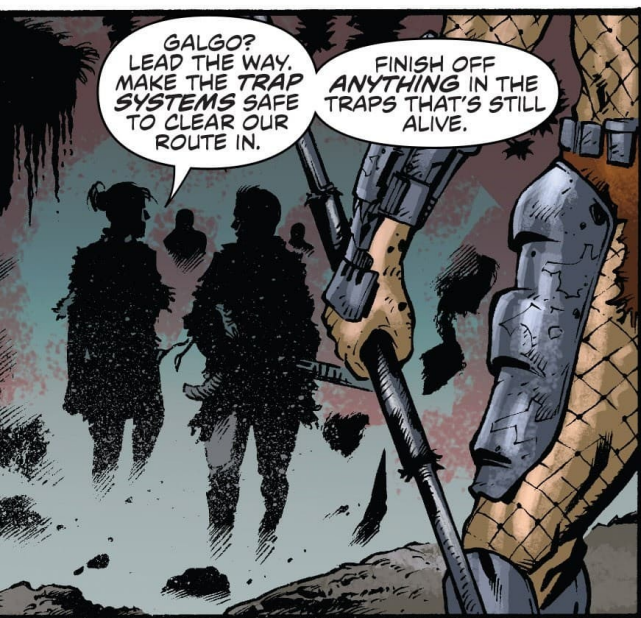
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE, CAPTAIN FOSTER?

TOO LONG, MR. MELVILLE.



AND THERE ARE JUST THE FOUR OF YOU, CAPTAIN?

FIVE. ME, GALGO, JILL, CHRIS, AND AHAB.

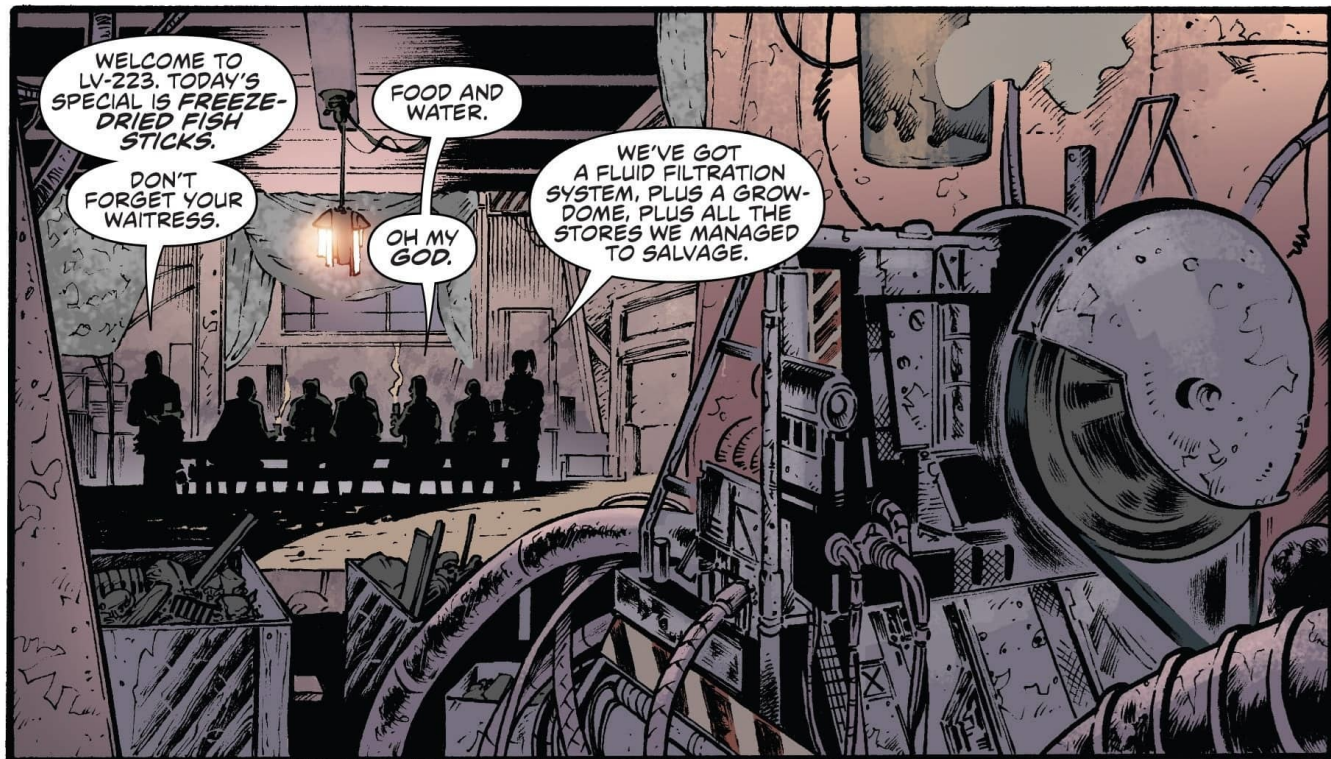


GALGO? LEAD THE WAY. MAKE THE TRAP SYSTEMS SAFE TO CLEAR OUR ROUTE IN.

FINISH OFF ANYTHING IN THE TRAPS THAT'S STILL ALIVE.



AHAB HELPED US CONSTRUCT THE FORTIFICATIONS. HE'S GOOD AT TRAPS.



WELCOME TO LV-223. TODAY'S SPECIAL IS FREEZE-DRIED FISH STICKS.

DON'T FORGET YOUR WAITRESS.

FOOD AND WATER.

OH MY GOD.

WE'VE GOT A FLUID FILTRATION SYSTEM, PLUS A GROW-DOME, PLUS ALL THE STORES WE MANAGED TO SALVAGE.



YOU'RE THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF YOUR MISSION?

THAT'S RIGHT.

WE CAME HERE TO RECOVER A PREVIOUS MISSION. FOUND THE ENGINEER SITE AND A PLANET OVERRUN WITH BUGS.

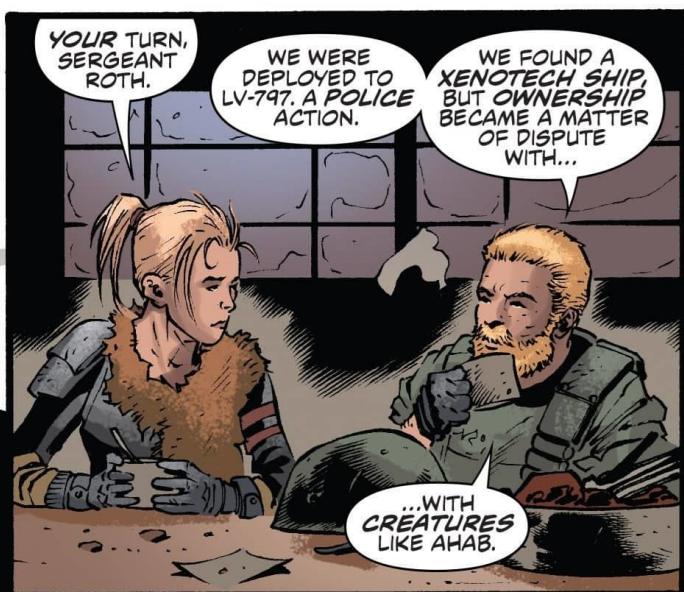
OUR EXIT OPTIONS REDUCED TO ZERO. SURVIVAL HAS BECOME OUR ONLY PATH.



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SHIP?

SHIPS, PLURAL. ALL LOST.

LONG STORY. BOTTOM LINE IS, WE'RE STUCK HERE.

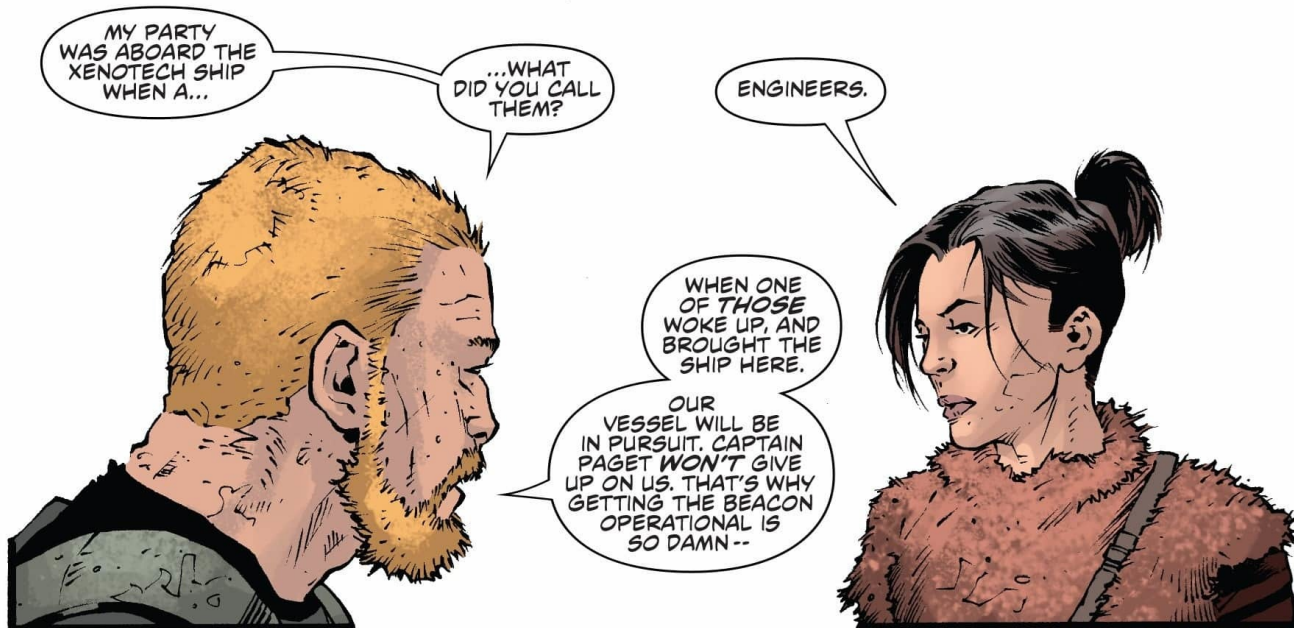


YOUR TURN, SERGEANT ROTH.

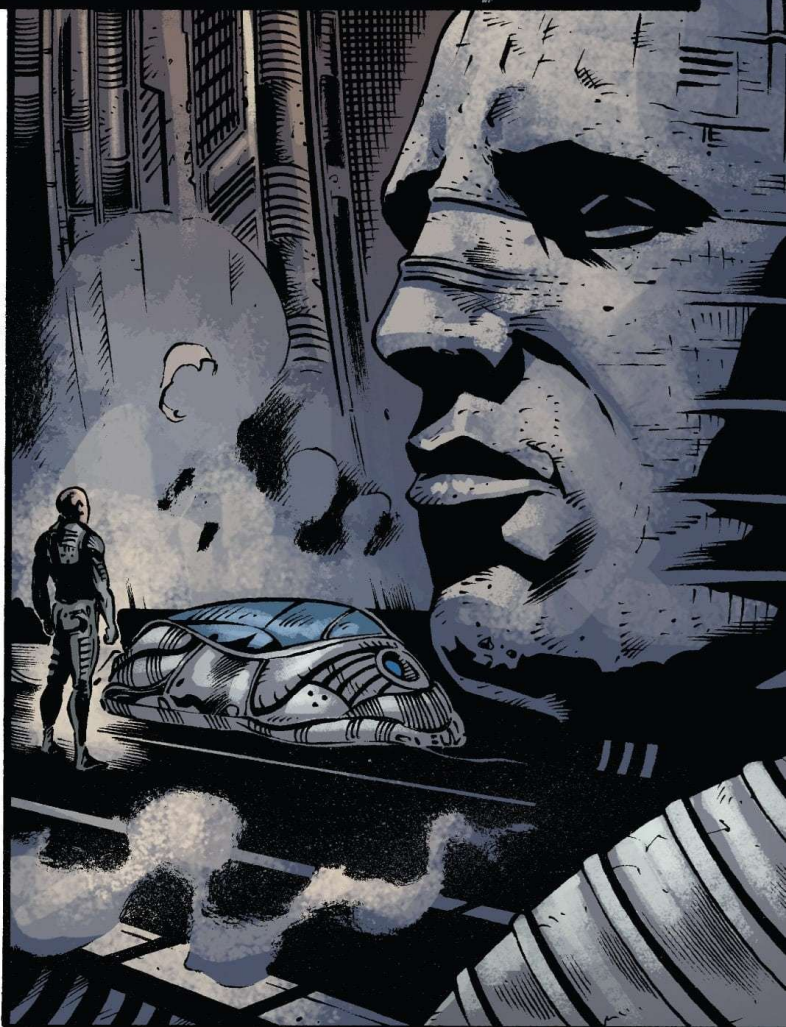
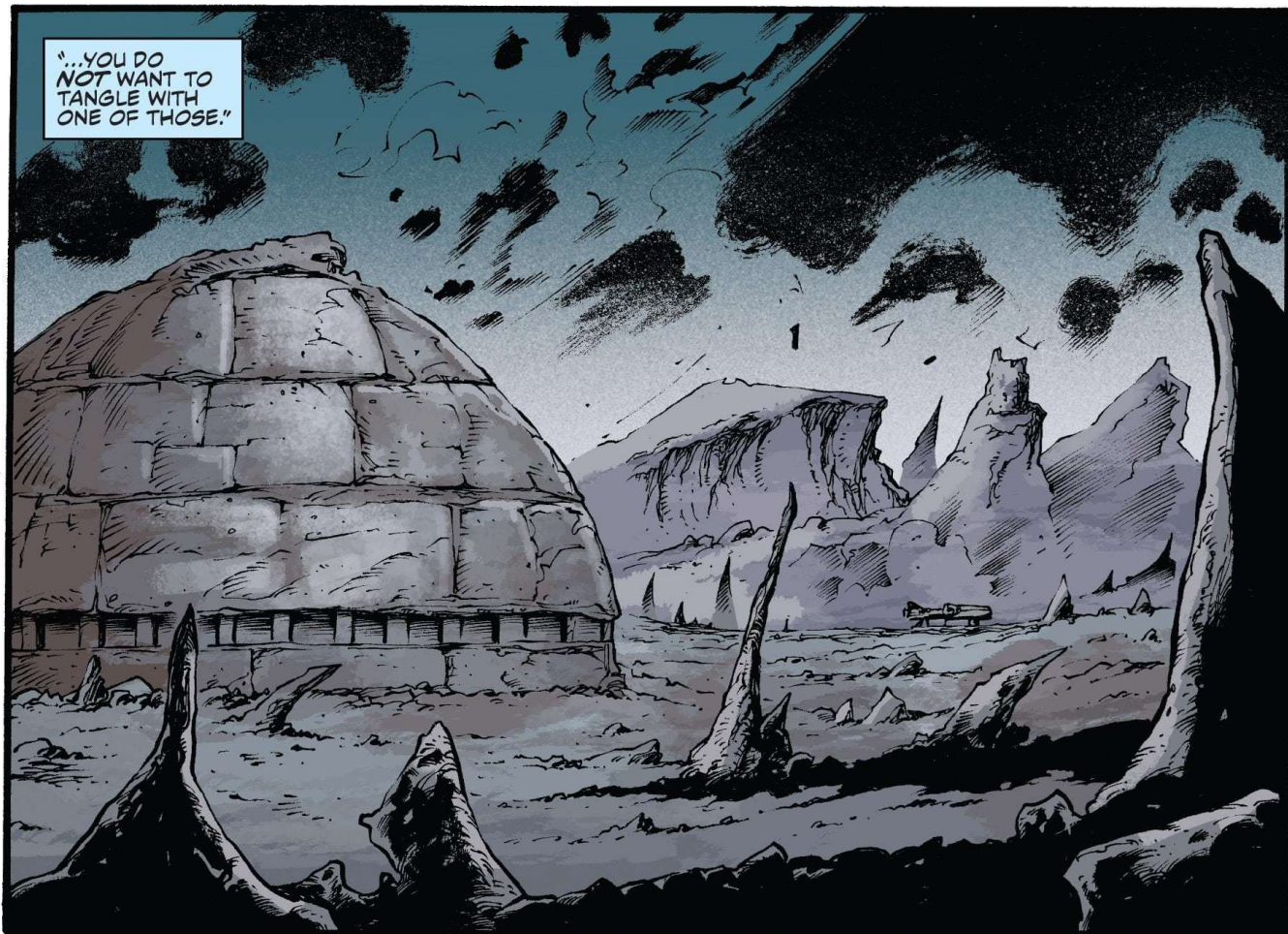
WE WERE DEPLOYED TO LV-797. A POLICE ACTION.

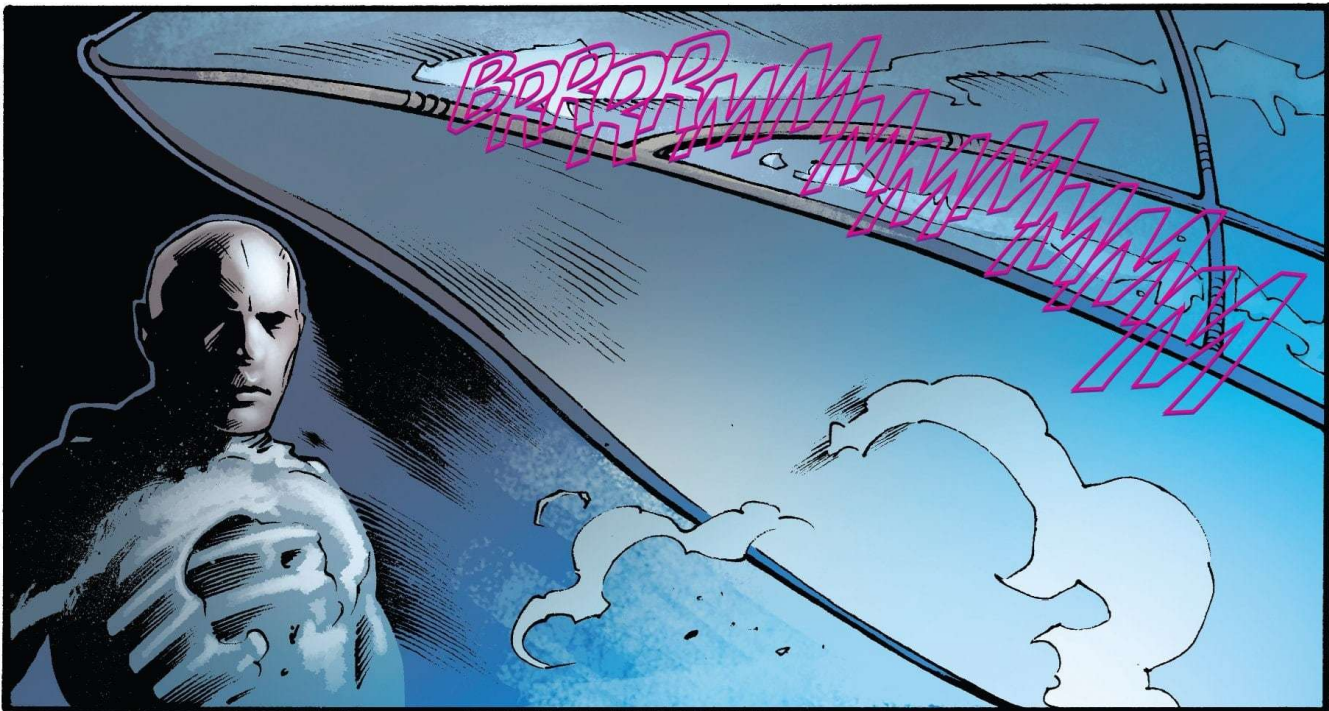
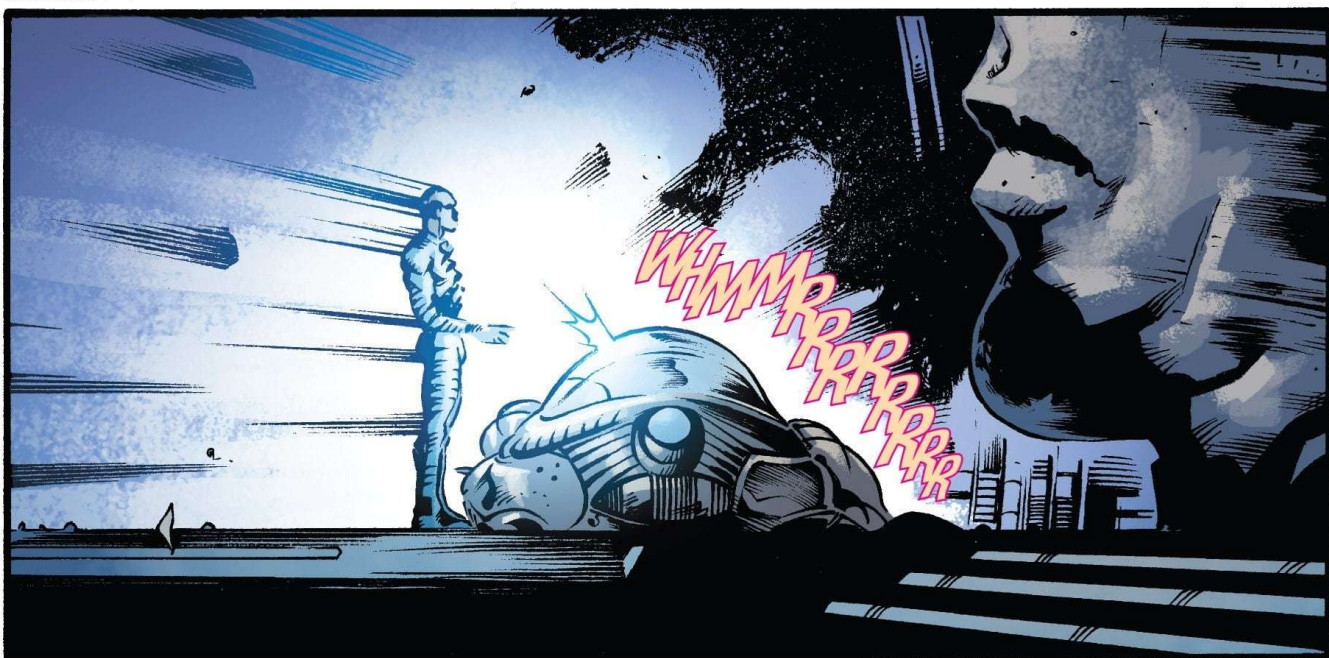
WE FOUND A XENOTECH SHIP, BUT OWNERSHIP BECAME A MATTER OF DISPUTE WITH...

...WITH CREATURES LIKE AHAB.



"...YOU DO
NOT WANT TO
TANGLE WITH
ONE OF THOSE."





"WE KILLED
AN ENGINEER."



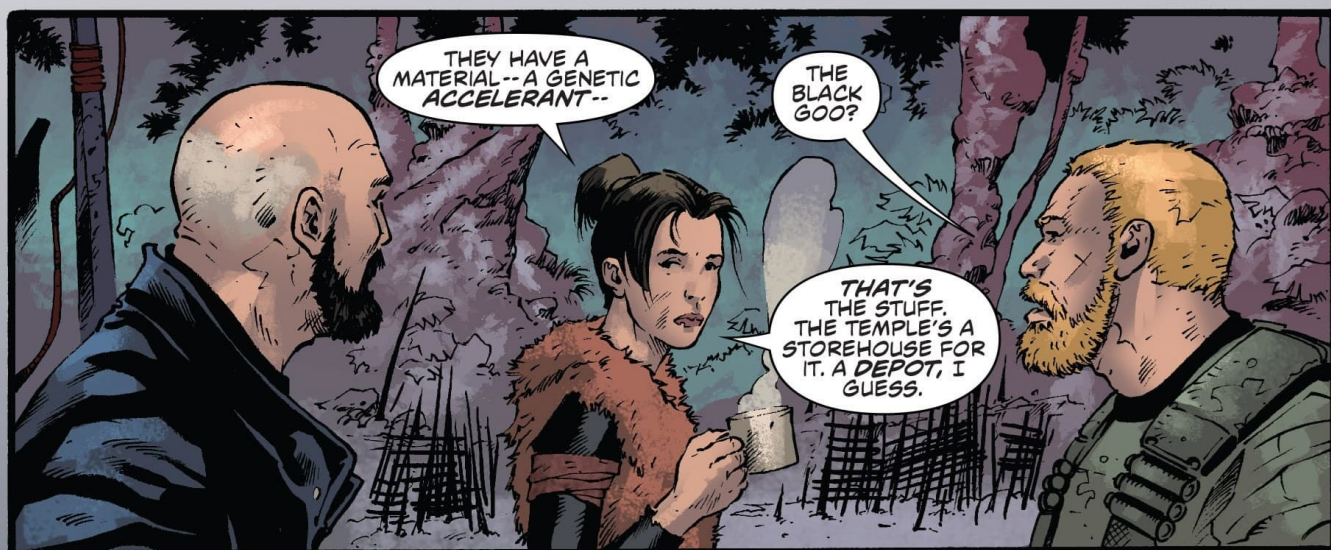


WELL, AHAB DID.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM, CAPTAIN?

NOT MUCH, MR. MELVILLE.

ANCIENT, HIGHLY ADVANCED. GOOD CHANCE THEY HAVE PRACTICED MAJOR **BIOFORMING** OPERATIONS DOWN THE AGES.



THEY HAVE A MATERIAL-- A GENETIC ACCELERANT--

THE BLACK GOO?

THAT'S THE STUFF. THE TEMPLE'S A STOREHOUSE FOR IT. A DEPOT, I GUESS.



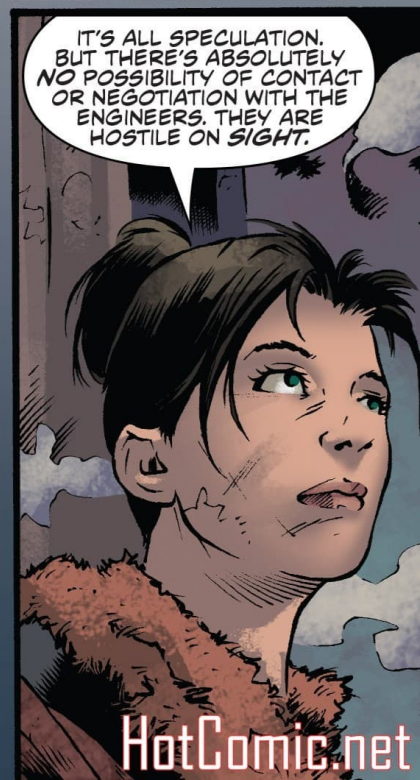
I BELIEVE THEY ENGINEER ECOSYSTEMS. BIOMES. PLANETS. SPECIES.



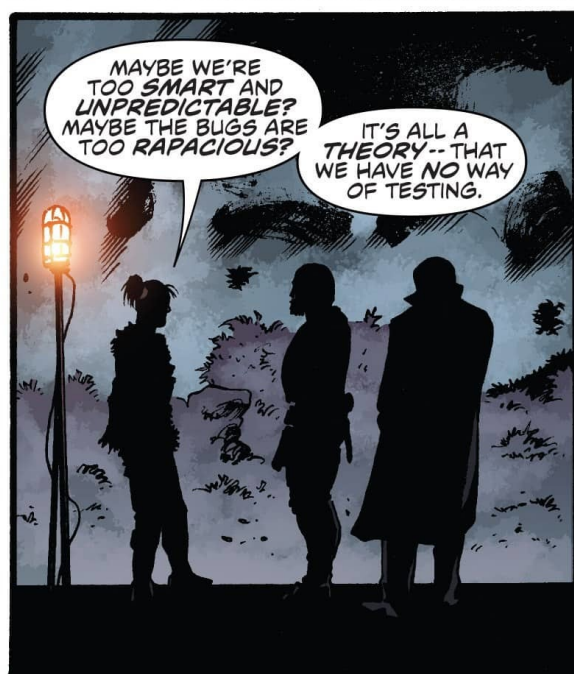
THE XENOMORPH BUGS MAY EVEN BE A PRODUCT OF THAT ENGINEERING.

HELL, WE COULD BE TOO.

ARE YOU SERIOUS?



IT'S ALL SPECULATION. BUT THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO POSSIBILITY OF CONTACT OR NEGOTIATION WITH THE ENGINEERS. THEY ARE HOSTILE ON SIGHT.





"WHAT DOES
THAT WORD
MEAN?"

NHHHHH...

OH
GOD! WHAT
THE --
WHAT--

P-PLEASE!
W-WHAT IS
THIS?

P-PLEASE...
LET ME GO!

CAN
YOU HEAR
ME?

WHAT WAS
THAT?

SKTL SKITLL

OH
GOD...



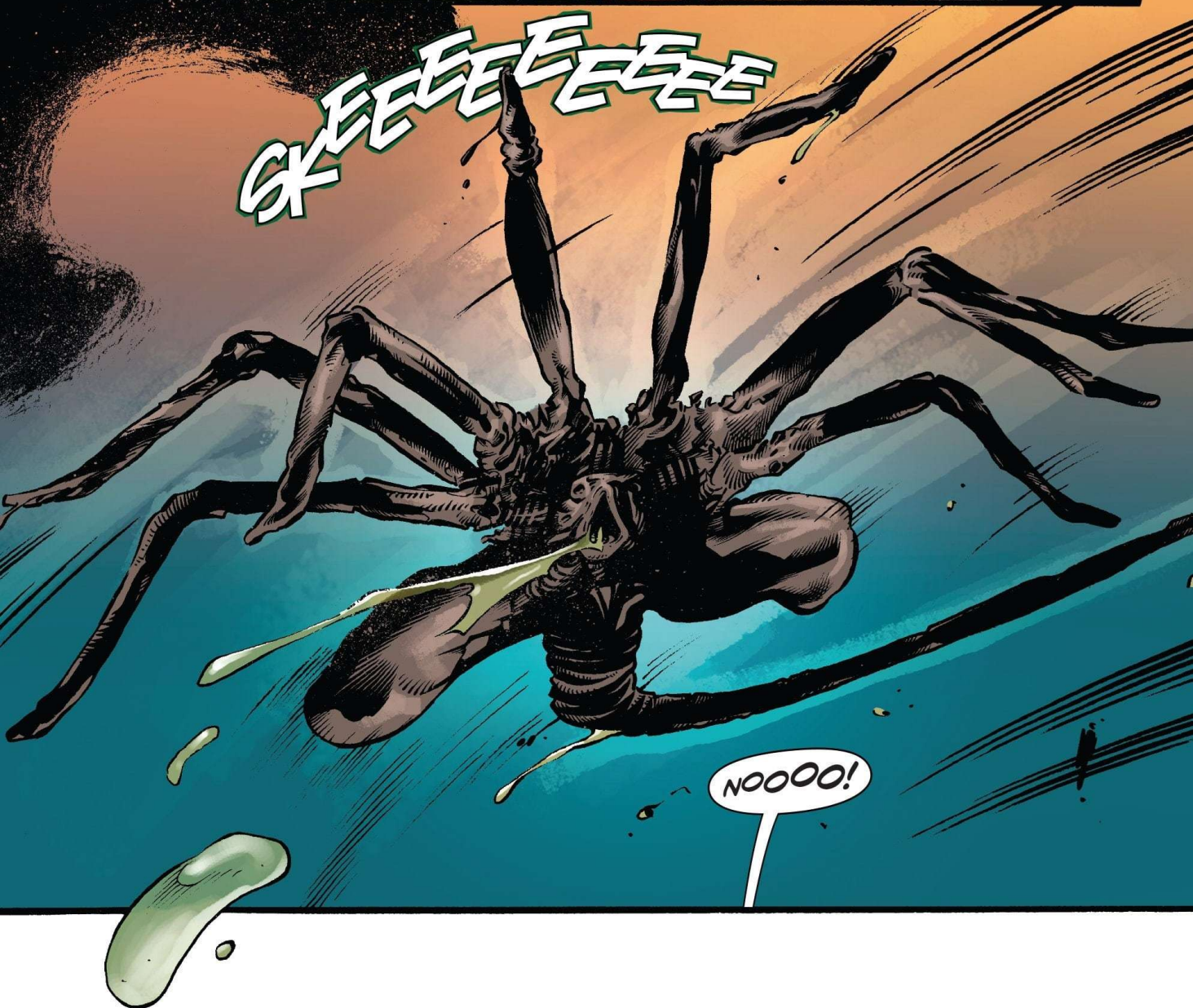
PLEASE...



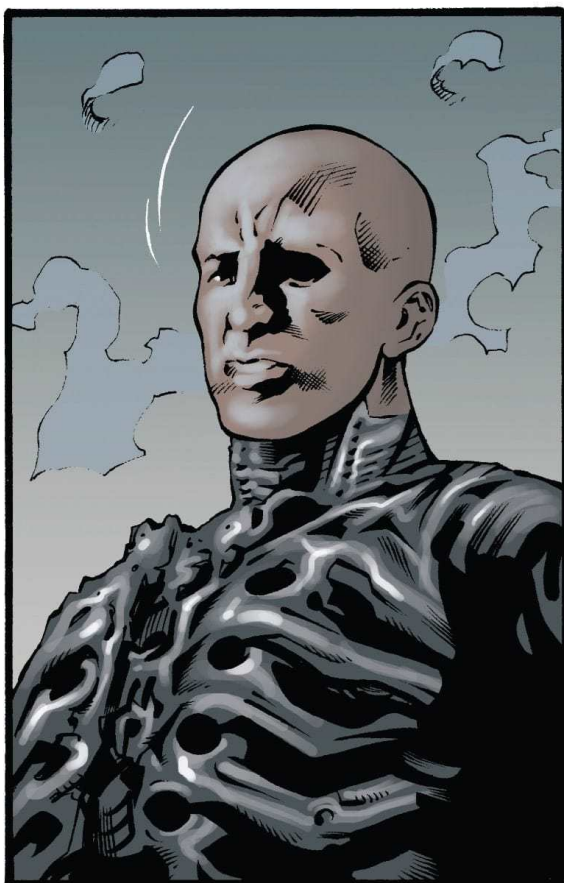
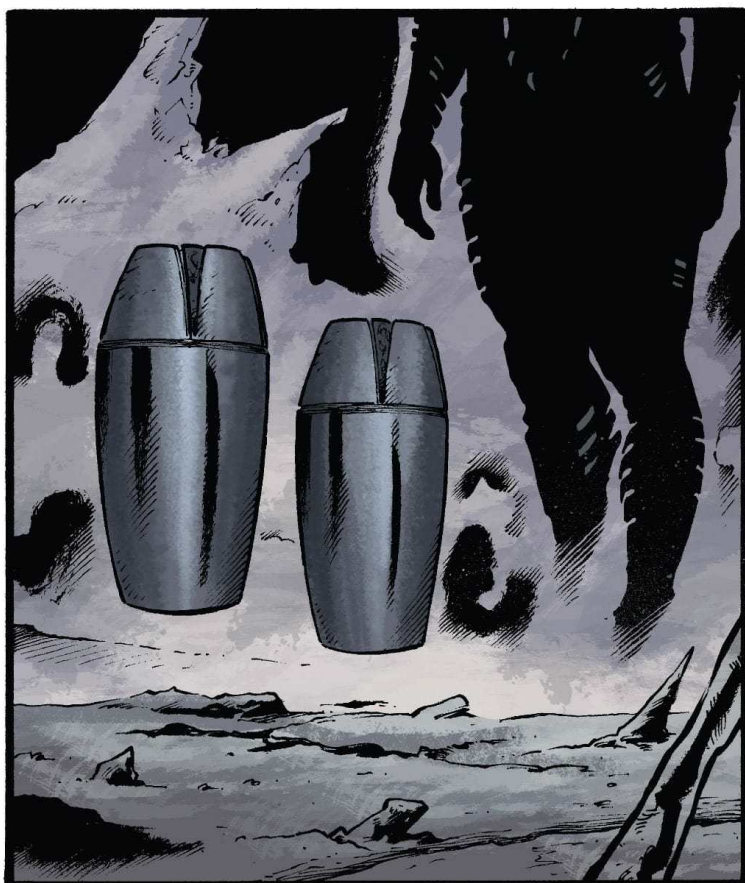
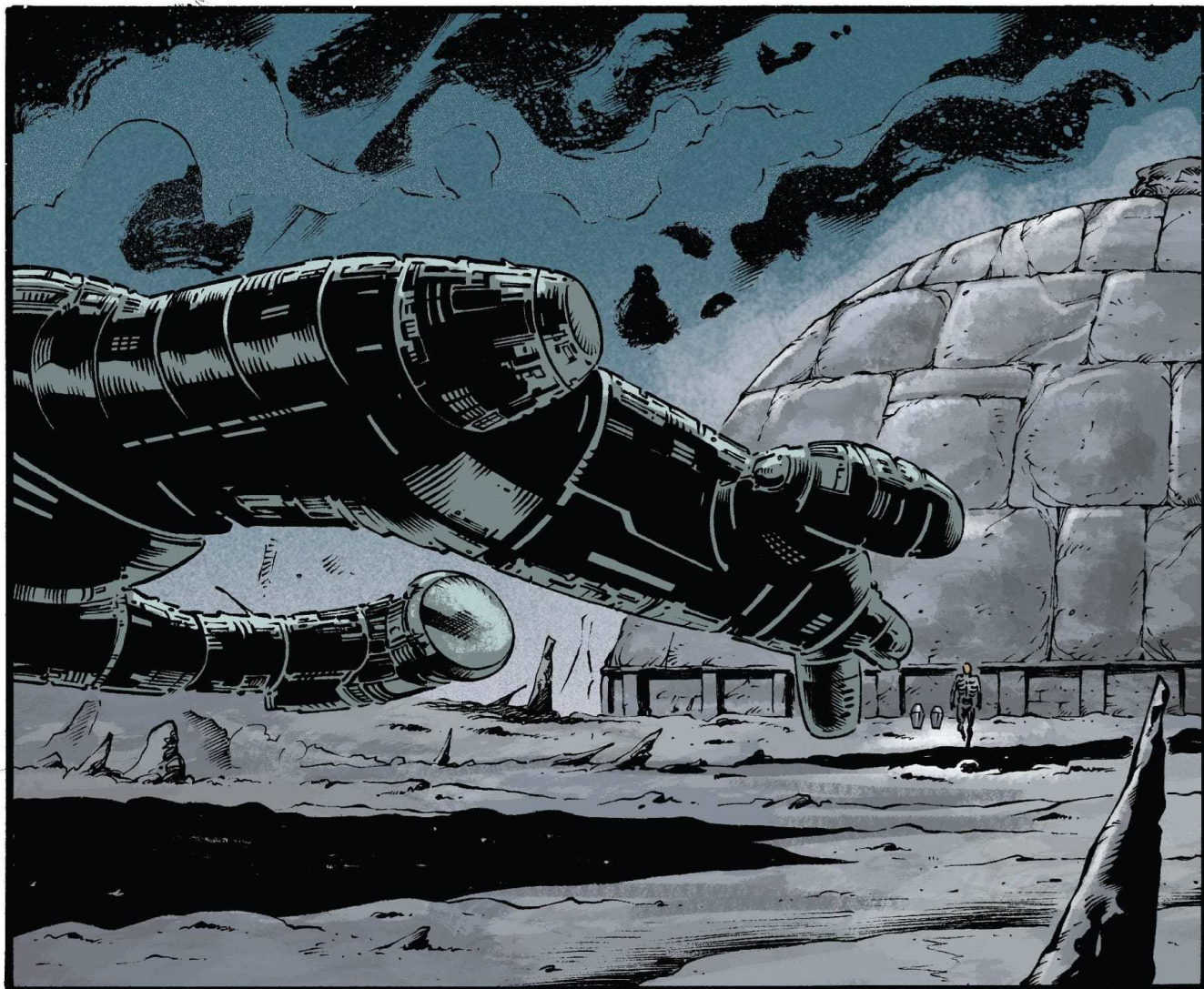
OH MY
GOD! OH MY
GOD!

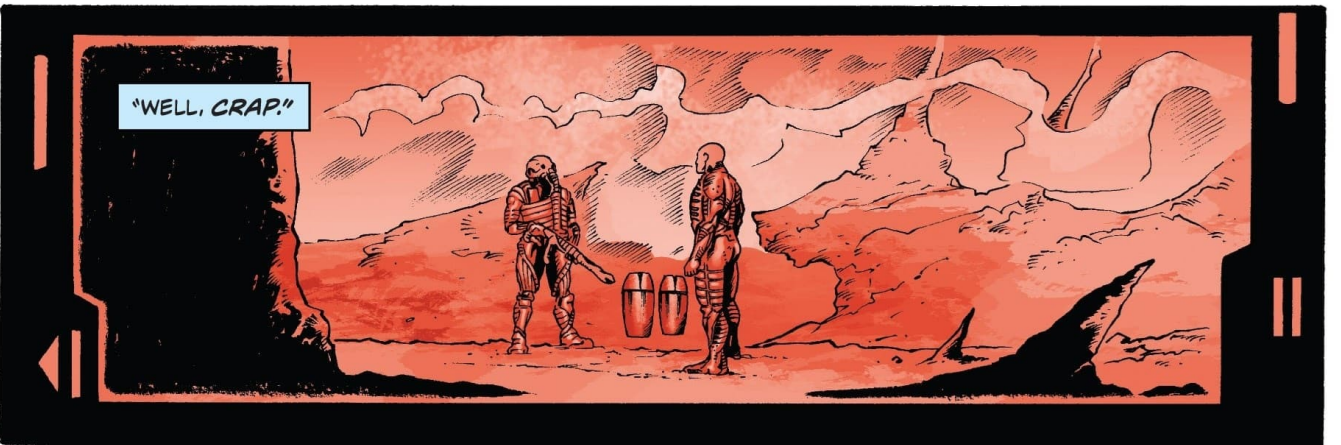
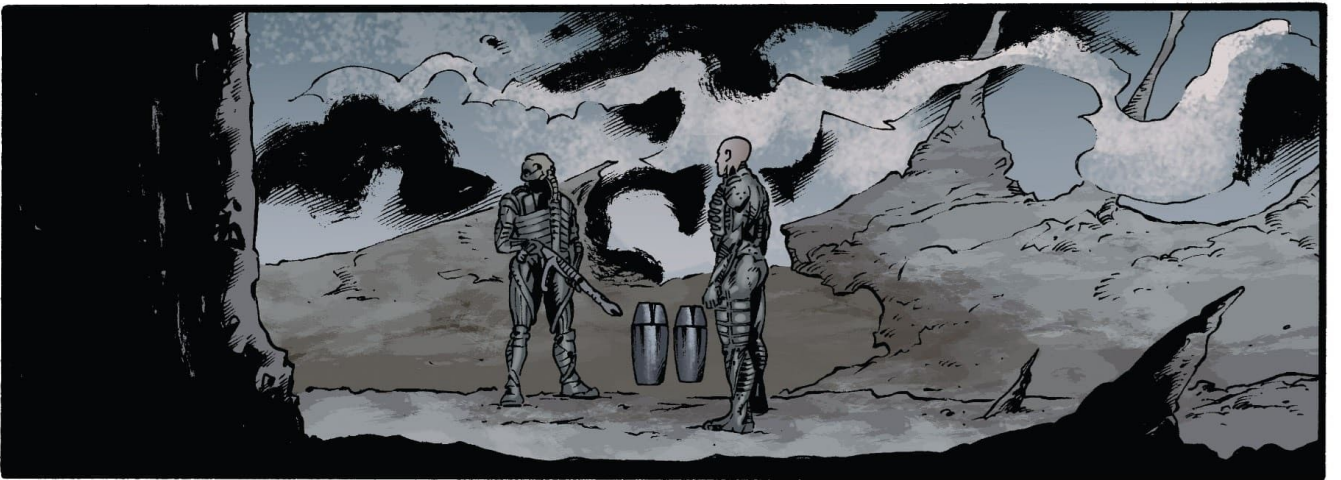
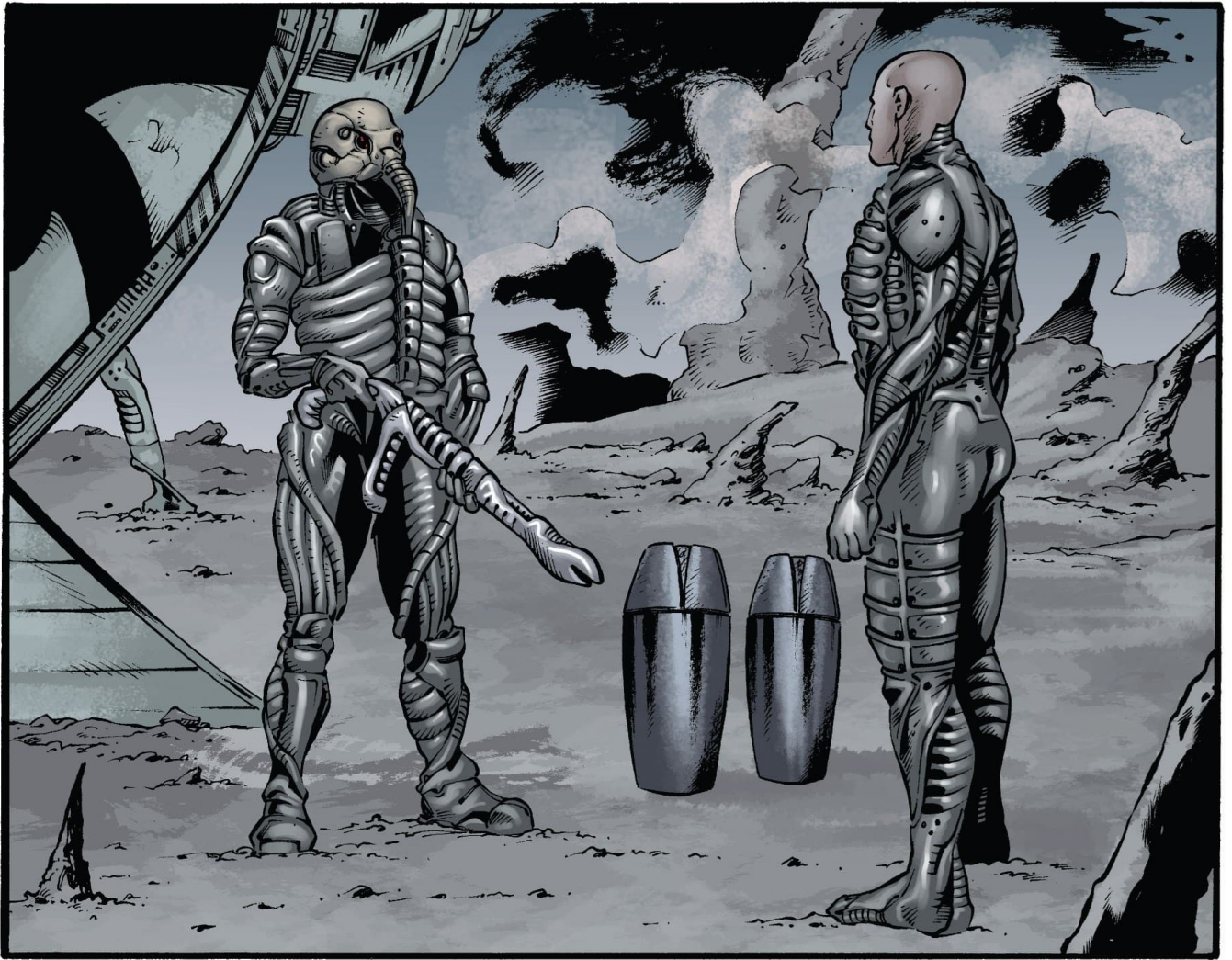
GET AWAY
FROM ME!

SKREEEEEEEE




NOOOO!










I AM HAVING TROUBLE PROCESSING THE IDEA THAT MANKIND IS THE PRODUCT OF ALIEN BIOENGINEERING.

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE MELVILLE. EX-MARINE, NOW A MAN OF THE CLOTH.



THIS IS KINDA CONFLICTING WITH HIS BELIEF SYSTEM.

YOU MAY MOCK, ROTH.

THANKS. I WILL.



THERE MAY BE ANOTHER INTERPRETATION. YOU KNOW THE MYTH OF PROMETHEUS?

STOLE FIRE FROM THE GODS. GOT SHIT FOR IT.

WHETHER WE ARE THE ENGINEER'S WORK OR NOT, MAYBE HE IS JUST PROTECTING US.



BY KILLING US?



THE ACCELERANT MATERIAL IS POTENT, CAPTAIN FOSTER. FIRE FROM HEAVEN.

MAYBE THE ENGINEER AND HIS KIND ARE FRIGHTENED OF WHAT A CHILD RACE LIKE US MIGHT DO IF WE GET OUR HANDS ON IT.



TOOK
A NUKE TO
FINISH THE
LAST ONE.

BUT
IT AIN'T *JUST*
THAT. WHY DOES
YOUR PAL NEED
A PAL?



I FIGURE THE
ENGINEER'S COME
HERE TO GET SOME
JOB DONE.

AND
HE NEEDS A
FRIEND ACTIVE
TO TAKE CARE OF
UNFINISHED
BUSINESS.



BUSINESS
LIKE THE PESKY
HUMAN VERMIN
HE'S SEEN AROUND
THE PLACE.

WE'LL
HAVE TO POST
OBSERVERS.
ROUND THE
CLOCK.

IF AN
ENGINEER
IS MOVING
AGAINST
US--

KINDA
SPIKES OUR PLAN
OF SITTING TIGHT
FOR THE USCM SHIP TO
ARRIVE AND SAVE OUR
SORRY ASSES.

SHAME.
I HONESTLY
FELT A SPARK
OF HOPE
THERE FOR A
SECOND.



OH, GOD.
OH, GOD.

'S OKAY,
CHRIS.



THERE
IS STILL ONE
WAY OFF THIS
WORLD.

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?







LIFE AND DEATH
PROMETHEUS™



Fire from the Gods!
#4—on sale September 14!